His Return by BoredPotatoGod

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Sci-Fi, Supernatural
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2019-09-17 11:59:07
Updated: 2019-12-16 07:52:31
Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:31:54
Rating: T
Chapters: 8
Words: 8,549
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Have you ever wondered what would happen if a new number entered the story? Another kid with superpowers? This is a story where a new number is introduced into the world. Although I don't know yet where I want this to go.

1. Prologue

I wish I owned Stranger Things and all of its characters but alas... I don't own a single part of it. Sorry about the name but I am really bad at naming stories so I'm sorry.

Prologue:

It was a dark night in the city, a dark gloomy night. Not a star in the sky. The rain was pouring. So loud nobody could hear anything over it. The fog was so thick no one could see anything through it. In other words. It was a perfect night for a massacre...

It took place in a warehouse out in the very edge of the city. The part of the city where no one cared if shots were fired, or if someone was bleeding out and dying in the streets.

Soldiers rushed into the warehouse from every entrance, fully armed with full-on riot gear. The fog was everywhere, it was cold. Bone-chilling in fact. Then out of the darkness from above one of the crates, a voice was heard. Maniacal, full of empty happiness, full of insanity.

"Awwwww, all this fuss for lil ol me?"

A policeman stepped behind the line of geared policemen with a megaphone.

"Come out with your hands up, there will be no warnings. We have been ordered to shoot to kill! I will allow for ten seconds."

An amused chuckle echoed all around them.

"Oh come on… You know better than anyone that I'm not going to do that."

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two! ONE!"

Silence, even the policemen where scared. They could see nothing, they could hear nothing, they could feel nothing. Just the animal instinct deep inside that evolution has buried over millions of years

screaming at them to run. Otherwise, they would die. Eyes racing, heart beating, they frantically scanned the darkness for any sign of movement. There was none.

All of a sudden a scream rang out. One of the officers was bodily thrown against several other officers. Against all their training, the officers, out of fear, started shooting randomly.

"AHHHH! PLEASE NO!"

One of the officers was dragged up to the ceiling of the warehouse kicking and screaming. The shooting stopped. Everyone looked up, straining their eyes to see something, anything! They saw nothing, the screams had gone absolutely silent. All of a sudden a few of the officers nearby the man who was dragged up got hit in the eye with a dripping liquid of some sort. Not that liquidy, but not too thick. After rubbing some of it on their hands they examined the liquid closely. Red. Blood red. It was blood. Panic spread through the ranks like a disease. All of them broke formation and ran for their lives.

"STOP! DON'T BREAK FORMATION! STAY TIGHT! KEEP CALM!" Yelled the officer with the megaphone. But to no avail, the fear ran through the policemen's veins like ice and they all ran for their lives. But not one of them managed to step a foot out of that warehouse. Not a single one. No one could hear the screams over the downpour.

One Hour Later

An old homeless drunkard stumbled across the warehouse looking for somewhere to take a piss.

"Damn it, all the alcohol I drank is going to come out, what a waste. What a waste."

Then he saw the warehouse.

"Ooh! This place looks nice!" but as he stepped in his shoes started to make squelching noises, as if walking in some sort of liquid. He took off his worn sandals and stared at the bottom of the soles. As his eyes adjusted he saw what it was. Blood. He looked around and fell back in terror. His face contorting in horror. Blood splattered on every

inch of the place. The bodies mutilated and ripped to shreds, thrown apart. The faces of the bodies covered in blood, tears, and drool. The expressions on them twisted into expressions of fear that no man would think to be possible. As if they had all seen the devil, it was a scene from hell. Bodies stuck to the walls, arms and legs in piles, heads obliterated but you could still see the fear in their eyes and lips as if etched into their very souls. You get the idea.

The bum stood up and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, not even stopping when he threw up all the remains of his booze, not stopping when he ran into others. He stumbled over himself to get away from the scene that had been burned into the insides of his eyelids.

"GET OUT OF MY WAY! RUN! WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!" He cried as he went. Everyone simply assumed it was the ramblings of a drug addict that had gone out of control. When he had finally been taken away by the police he somehow managed to mumble out the address of the warehouse and a somewhat accurate description of what he had seen.

"He's a madman Joe, a drug addict! Look at his bloodshot eyes! Plus we looked at his id and he has an extensive criminal record! He's lying, I know it!" complained a policeman to another

"I know I know but we still have to go check. It's our job." Replied the other man, trying to calm his friend.

"Yeah, I know… but I'm telling you…" Muttered the first policeman.

And sure enough, when they got to the scene, there was nothing there. Not a drop of blood. Not a speck of anything that looked out of the ordinary.

"What did I tell you, Joe. What. Did. I. Tell. You!" Said the first policeman, exasperated and punctuating all of his sentences.

"Just the rambling of a madman."

And so the mumbling of the alcoholic were written off as drug-induced hallucinations and the homeless man was introduced to a

recovery center for the addicted. But the very next day, he took his own life, unable to escape the nightmare that was supposedly only in his head.

In another part of the city, a young teen, maybe 14 or 15 years old was casually skipping down the streets of the city, humming happily without a care in the world. And every time he jumped his sleeve raised a tiny bit. And if you really looked at his arm, you could see just the beginning of a tattoo on his wrist. And if you really focused on it. And I mean REALLY focused on it, it almost seemed to be a number of some kind.

Far away in a place named Hawkins, Indiana, a girl that goes by the name Eleven suddenly woke from her sleep with a gasp. It took her a second to realize where she was.

"El? What is it?" Said Hopper, who was sleeping on the couch and had woken up from the sudden movement.

"I-I don't know." Said El, and she really didn't, it was a dream that was already fading away. But maybe, just maybe, it wasn't fading away at all. But was coming closer and closer. And she didn't even know it...

So this is my very first story that I have ever written so please go easy on me (although I would still like some feedback). Also, I have some questions. I don't know if I will continue this so it is pretty much all up to you guys, but if I do keep this going I want to know what abilities you want him to have (I already nailed him as the happy beserker but I could easily change that if you want as well), I have my own ideas of course but it would help if you guys could tell me your ideas too.

Basically, anything to help with the story, where do you want it to go?. Thanks so much for reading! I myself was thinking that he could be number 6 or something (one person said that he could be number 12 who was created to kill 11 which I thought was really cool so I might do that), but if multiple people vote against it or someone comments a better idea then I will do something else. Please feel free to comment your ideas on how you want it to go. Thanks.

2. A Fateful Encounter

No, I don't own any part of Stranger Things. Also when I re-read my work I realized that it seemed like a romance between El and the new number. I'm sorry, I didn't mean for that to happen and I just wanted it to seem like a fateful encounter, destiny, a reunion. Y'know. Important. So unless you want me to there will be no romance between them. She still loves Mike. Also, I'm sorry for the late update I didn't know how to upload a new chapter.

Chapter One:

In the town of Galesburg, Illinois at the school of Northview High, a girl whose name was Jane Eleanor Hopper, or 'El', was starting her freshman year alongside a nervous boy by the name of Will Byers. She passively stared out at the class and spoke quietly but assertively.

"My name is Jane Eleanor Hopper, please call me El. Nice to meet you all." She said softly.

"Uh, hi. My name is Will Byers, Will is fine. I hope we can all be good friends and, um, I like Dungeons and Dragons and I have a brother. I like science too. Umm, that's it I guess. Nice to meet you all…" He broke off at the end after realizing he had begun rambling.

"Ok class, now that you've met the new students we will begin class. Please be kind to them. Now turn to pages 57 of…"

As she started on her lecture El and Will walked to the back and sat in the two empty seats.

"El, are you sure you are going to be alright?" Will whispered.

"Yes." She replied.

Over summer Will and Joyce had tried their very best to tutor her and catch her up on all the basics and important bits of math and English and the rest of the subjects. Nancy and the others helped a lot but there is only so much you can do over the phone. Nancy had also

sent her old notes and study guides so those were a huge help. But still, 5-6 months of cramming still could not fully teach everything kids had learned in 9 years, still, it was better than nothing and she was actually very smart and picked up everything really fast. It was the reason why they had started school late.

During their lunch break, El suddenly had a pang of… nostalgia? Longing? Or was it something else… And also...as if she was missing something vitally important. As if it were right on the tip of her mind and she was falling just short. It was so frustrating! Just like that night when she had awoken so abruptly, back when Hopper was... no, let's not dwell on that now. There was obviously a reason, but when Joyce had asked her what was wrong she really didn't know, and this made her even more aggravated. The answer kept on evading her. Just in case that morning she had called everyone she knew, but the feeling she kept having wasn't of danger, it was of… she couldn't even describe it.

"El? Are you ok?" Will had stopped eating and was looking at her with concern.

"Yes, I'm fine," El said.

"Ok… it's just that you were staring at your ice cream and you had this look on your face. Just be sure to tell Mom and I if anything is wrong." Will added.

"Don't worry, I will," El reassured him.

-Time Skip 4 months-

El and Will were getting on just fine in school. Jonathan was busy with his full-time photography job for the local news. Joyce had found a new job with way better pay as a Retail Manager of a Walmart in the town. El also made two daily calls with Max and Mike and also called the rest of the gang often. Will had made some new friends who were also into science and El had also made a friend named Jennifer and was speaking a lot more now. Their grades were good, mostly A's, a couple of B's, it was a peaceful time with excitement including "Oh my god! Isn't he hot?" instead of "HOLY FREAKING SHIT WE'RE GONNA DIE!" In other words, nothing bad

had happened yet, life was tranquil, which made Joyce happy. El was getting fewer and fewer pangs, which was nice. In fact, she had almost forgotten about them. But that day in school there was a new transfer student.

"Class, we have a new student and he will be joining us along with the start of a new semester. Please come in."

When El saw him she was hit with a pang that was so strong it almost made her use her abilities. At first, she thought he was a short flat-chested girl, but then remembered that the teacher said 'he'. His hair was longer than the average boys but not super long, but what was most striking about his hair was that it was silver, not gray, a beautiful silver. He wasn't masculine and super buff with extremely wide shoulders. He was well-proportioned, pretty short, maybe 5'3 to 5'6. His body was the same physique of Juuzo from Tokyo Ghoul or Gray from Weak Hero, or Hideyoshi from Baka to Test or Nagisa from Assassination Classroom (Jennifer had her read a lot of manga) She knew it instantly. It was him. He was the reason. But who was he? He raised his face and the class gasped. He was gorgeous. Both the guys and the girls knew it. His features were ethereal. As if he could be the most handsome man or the most beautiful woman if he wanted to. A petite body with beautiful smooth milky white skin with beautiful silver hair that shined and rippled down his face like a light breath of escaped moonlight. The lightest and softest silk that existed. It was longer than the average boys, but not as long as the average girl's. But the reason for El's stare was his eyes. They were white. His pupils were like the moon, not pure white, but literally as if the moon was in his eyes. [Author's note: I really want you all to know what his eyes look like so please paste **/gallery/ SVjHh** into your search bar and go the last/fourth eye. The moon eyes. That is what his eyes look like].

"He-lloo!" He said cheerfully, enunciating both halves of the word, "My name is Avil! Kinda like 'Advil' without the 'D'. It's nice to meet you all!" As he said this he noticed El, and it was at that moment as they met each other's eyes that she instantly knew he felt the same ache. It was then when she placed the feeling. It was when she had met Kali. When she had reunited with family.

"Brother…" She breathed it so quietly it was as if she didn't know she

said it herself.

"Sister…" The thought flashed through his mind as he saw her. It was her. He'd finally found her.

Sorry, I know this chapter is not that well written and short. It's like I have a lot of ideas for the story I just need to get there first which will be hard. Also, I'm sorry that I made him look the way he is, I'm not into trap, there is an actual reason. But there is a reason for that later on. And if you want to see what his eyes look like in a picture because I couldn't describe it well then here is a link to a website that I based it on. [Author Note: His Eyes are the moon ones in the pic, the fourth one, the ones at the bottom.] /gallery/ SVjHh. Also, I was kind of vague about his hair length so just imagine it whatever length you want, if you want it to be long, go ahead, short, go ahead, shoulder-length, go ahead.

3. A Sincere Thank You

To Everyone Who Reviews: I would like to thank everyone who reviews. It means a lot to me and I love to read them and see the suggestions. Thank you so much. I really do think about the suggestions as well. I go through possible scenarios, battle scenes, things like that. I am sorry if I don't go through with the suggestions. But I really do consider and think about them deeply. Thank you so much and I am really happy when people comment so thank you. I appreciate them so much and it makes me feel nice inside. Have a great day and I know I said it a lot but seriously. Thank you so much, from the bottom of my heart. I will start on a new chapter soon and hopefully have it uploaded in the middle of next week. It actually only takes me a day to write them but I've been having a lot of personal and family problems as well as schoolwork. But you didn't come to here me complain! Until next time (thank you reviewers!). Please don't feel pressured to comment but I would really appreciate it if you did. Also, feel free to Private Message me, that is also completely fine.

I want you all to know that I really think about my story. There is a reason for his name and what he looks like. There is pretty much a reason for everything I put in the story that will be revealed later on.

4. The Fight

El was so surprised that her pencil started levitating a bit before she realized and quickly pulled it down. Confused thoughts swirled and spiraled throughout her mind in a flurry.

"Who is he?"

"Where has he been?"

"Does he know others out there?"

"What has he been doing?"

"What is he doing here?"

"This is too good to be true."

But one thought stuck out among the rest.

"I have to be careful."

Meanwhile, the class was bombarding him with questions, they were excited, and who could blame them! He just smiled and laughed and answered their questions calmly, just like an average transfer student.

"Did our eyes really meet?" El wondered, "No. There was definitely something."

"SETTLE DOWN AND TURN TO PAGES 69 OF YOUR TEXTBOOK!" The teacher yelled over the din, "Avil dear, please go sit in that seat next to Will."

Will sat in the back with El but on opposite sides of the class so El couldn't exactly tell Will, "HEY! THAT'S MY BROTHER!" or warn him that he could be dangerous.

But their eyes never met for the rest of the class. Avil never acknowledged her. So during recess, she followed him. She watched him from her lunch table and she saw his wrist. To her astonishment, there was no number on it. Could she have been wrong? Was he just

a normal kid eating a PB&J? But during recess when she was following him, Arthur and his gang confronted him.

Arthur was a bully, or more accurately, ***the*** bully, no one messed with him. Everyone was afraid of him. Whoever stood up to him was brutally beat down. New ones learned quickly to stay out of his way. He was a boulder of a boy and had many other mean boys behind him helping him beat people up, be it holding them down or other methods. They were ruthless, no one stood up to them and so if someone was being beaten up right in front of them they would pretend not to see anything. Now that you know what kind of person Arthur and his gang were you would understand how anxious El was.

One, she didn't want to see an innocent (?) kid get hurt. Two, even though she was suspicious she still hoped he was her brother and wouldn't want to see her brother get hurt. Three, what if he used his powers?

She followed them to a small alley in a desolate corner of the school where they shoved him into the wall and blocked the entrance. El was around the corner listening intently.

"There is no way this girl is a guy," Arthur exclaimed, towering over Avil with his 6'4 height.

"I assure you, I am!" Avil beamed up at him.

Arthur bellowed out a laugh, "Hold him down and take off his pants. There is no f***ing way she's a guy."

"I'm afraid that's not going to happen." Avil replied, still in a cheerful tone.

"Get him," Arthur ordered his crew.

Quietly, El climbed up the school and onto the roof with the aid her abilities to see what was happening from above.

Two guys had Avil by each arm and Arthur was approaching him.

"So we're doing this," Avil confirmed.

"Oh yes, we are." Arthur grinned, rubbing his hands together.

To Arthur's glee, Avil bowed his head in what looked like submission. But then he started to laugh. A maniacal laugh. A frenzied laugh that could only be described as insane. It was a laugh that sent chills down El's spine. Arthur stopped in his tracks and stared. Avil raised his head, his grin was wider than ever, and his eyes gleamed and he had a distorted expression of extreme euphoria on his face.

"Fun." Avil whispered. Then all hell broke loose. It happened so fast El didn't even react until it was over. But later that night she replayed it in her head and could understand some of it.

Avil had slithered his hands out of his holders in an instant and twisted their arms so he was the holder instead. Then with a sharp crack, he twisted their elbows up and snapped their arms like twigs. This happened in an instant. Arthur, sensing danger, lashed out, attempting to hit Avil. But he simply dodged and did a spin kick straight to Arthurs temple. Arthur, stunned, fell to his knees. Avil then continued to weave through the rest of the gang in a horrifically beautiful and bloody pattern. He lowered himself and kicked the legs from one kid out from under him. As he was falling Avil grabbed the back of his head and slammed his face into the concrete with savage force. Two of the thugs that were supposed to be guarding the entrance sprang at him. One of them lunged forward first. Avil spun so the kid missed and then proceeded to slam his elbow into the second kid that was also attempting to pounce on him. Blood spurted from his nose in an impressive arc as he fell back. Then Avil promptly pivoted his foot and high kicked the kid who had lunged earlier right in the jaw right as he turned around. El had seen a couple of his teeth fly out as he himself went flying into the air. The remaining three kids didn't stand a chance. One tried to run, but Avil wall jumped until he was above the kid and fell right behind him. He then performed Bas Rutten Rear Naked Choke Hold on the kid. Seeing that Avil's hands were out of the way one of the other kids ran and attacked him from behind. But Avil anticipated this and right as the kid was in range he kicked him into the stomach. That made the kid bend down to clutch his stomach but as he was bending down Avil slammed his knee into the kid's nose and the poor boy curled up into a fetal position on the ground before passing out. By then the kid he

was choking passed out and he dropped him. One kid left. He attempted to plead and beg but Avil simply walked forward slowly and grabbed him by the face and proceeded to slam his skull into the brick wall until he passed out.

Arthur struggled to his feet.
"What... the f***..." He stammered, still woozy with blood dripping down his face from where he got kicked.

"I thought you said we were doing this. After all, you were going to rape me or something, weren't you?" Avil chuckled. Then he slammed his fist into Arthur's face so hard his body did a backflip. Blood was everywhere. Spattered on the walls. Pooling on the floor, dripping from the bullies. Their bodies splayed out and the two kids from the beginning. Well. Their arms were bent in the wrong direction. What was scary was that there were no sounds from the boys, they were all passed out from the pain and out cold, but also that El could tell… He didn't even use his abilities. He was a highly trained and dangerous kid, he simply didn't need to use them. And there he was. Standing atop their bodies, grinning like a child at a candy store.

"Should I pull out their teeth and nails?" Avil wondered to himself. Chuckling, he said, "No, I should have mercy on them. After all, they're only children. Poor, pitiful, innocent children." He accentuated each and every word of the last sentence.

"Oh yeah. Eleven. You can come out now. I can see you y'know."

El panicked.

5. The Flashback and The Arrangement

"Avil, can I ask you a question?"

"Yeah?"

"It's nothing."

"C'mon, you can trust me. It's ok."

"It's fine, it's really nothing."

"Ok, I won't push you. But if you ever need someone to just listen. I'm here."

"Thanks…"

We sat in the darkness together. Staring up at the stars, hearing the blare of traffic below and seeing the lights of the city out of the corner of our eyes. It was peaceful.

"Do you think our lives will ever get back to normal?"

"Of course your lives will go back to normal. After we find her, you guys will go back to being happy. You can all move on."

"But what about you?"

I thought about the question for a moment.

"No, my life will never go back to normal. There's someone I need to kill."

"What happens after you kill that person?"

"I can never go back. I've been through too much."

"If you kill people won't you be just as bad as he was?"

I didn't answer, I didn't want to tell her that I had already killed people. Cruelly and mercilessly. Finally, I responded.

"Maybe I will, but I don't care. He needs to die, and maybe... so do I."

"*Have you ever thought of forgiving?"*

"*Yeah, I have. But the fact remains. He is someone who needs to die, the baton has simply been passed on to me. But after I kill him. Well, I guess I'll come back to visit you."*

"*I'd like that."*

She smiled and shyly averted her gaze back to the stars, her dimples were so cute. It was a chilly night and her cheeks were rosy. I could just drown in her eyes, and I wouldn't even struggle. It was a happy time, despite the circumstances. If only… if only…

My eyes snapped open. My back was rigid and I had sat up so fast I nearly slammed my forehead on the low ceiling. A cold sweat had broken out against my brow. I was breathing heavily. I stood up and walked out of the small motel room and onto the balcony. It was 4 AM, the sun was just barely peeking over the horizon. I breathed the crisp air and blew out a cloud of steam. The steel railing creaked and strained. When I looked down I realized that my grip was actually crushing the metal. Sighing, I let go, I leaned back and recalled memories that many would have gone insane experiencing. Me being one of them.

Before I could even blink the sun has risen considerably and a new day was starting. Friday, school. All that jazz. It's kinda nice to pretend to be normal occasionally. I sighed, then chuckled as I thought back on the conversation I had with El the day before.

"I can see you y'know. I've actually been meaning to talk to you." I called out.

After a moment. She decided that it wasn't worth escaping and began to cautiously climb down the uneven brick wall.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"I'm Avil, and as I'm sure you've guessed, I'm your brother."

"Why are you here? How did you do that?" She gestured to the bloody and unconscious bodies of the bullies.

"Well, I wanted to meet my sister. And I simply have... er... a lot of... experiences."

"Anyway, I'm sure you have a lot of questions but this isn't exactly the place to discuss it. Should we go to the mall or somewhere so we can have a proper interrogation?"

The dumbfounded look on her face made me laugh. Of course, I understood that it was a lot to take in, but still. It was hilarious. In any case, she said yes (after much staring and watching me with her mouth agape). She invited me to her home and said that her only condition was to allow others in on the conversation. And once again, of course I said yes. She's my sister, she means a lot to me, despite me not knowing her. And I couldn't blame her for being cautious. She just saw me go into hysterical fits of laughter and ruthlessly beat the crap out of the school's biggest bullies. Anyone in their right mind wouldn't automatically trust someone like that. The date of the meeting was tomorrow.

I just had to endure one day of mind-numbing boredom before the fun began. I couldn't help but grin at the thought of what was to come.

So despite everything Avil will actually care about his sister and eventually everyone else. He won't betray them in the end, El and Avil will become extremely good friends. Sorry for the short chapter.

6. The Plan

Eleven POV

The first thing I did after I spoke with Avil was talk to Noah. I grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to his room and slammed the door.

Confused, he asked, "El? What's wrong?"

I started pacing the floor. "Will, there is a potential danger looming over us."

His eyes grew stony, "I think I know what you're talking about," he immediately switched from concerned to serious, "It happened a while back at the beginning of the school year, but it was so sudden and it was only that one time but… El… El I felt the Mind Flayer again. It was definitely faint but he was still there. We hurt it, we hurt it bad, but we didn't kill it. It only happened one time though! I know we've been through too much to consider anything a coincidence or a freak accident… but I can't help but hope that…"

"Will, wait what? No that's not what I'm talking about, but we still need to talk about that later." I hurriedly stopped him.

"Wait then what are we talking about?" Will stammered. He was so bewildered at there being a threat outside of the Upside Down and its monstrous creatures.

"I-I don't know yet, I mean I'm not sure, wait you had a vision? Everythings happening so fast!" I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, then I gathered my thoughts and calmly started over.

"Will, you know that transfer student? The one that looks like a girl? The kind of short but not really one?" I asked.

"Yeah? Who hasn't? I honestly couldn't believe he was a girl at first, I mean, it still seems a bit odd. Even if I just listened to his voice I wouldn't be able to tell. He has a clear, sweet mellifluous voice that's oh so soothing. It's mellow and smooth and soft and whenever he

changed tone it sounds like a symphony that's healing your very soul. When my eardrums catch a wisp of his voice they simply melt into a puddle of goo. When-"

"Will! Focus!" I remembered back to when he was chuckling deliriously and thought 'Sounds really *can* get warped'.

"Sorry, anyways, what about him?" Questioned Will.

"He's my brother."

"WHAT!?" Will screeched.

"Shhhhh! Joyce will hear us. But yeah, I know. I couldn't see his number or ability but I'm 100% sure that he's my brother." I explained.

"But… isn't that a good thing? I mean you reunited with your brother. Yay? Where's the danger?" Will was still confused. This, again, was understandable as he didn't see Avil annihilate Arthur and his gang and still thought of him as an innocent frail little guy (girl?).

"Yes, you could say I'm happy, but we have to be cautious, remember that he's a number, and therefore extremely dangerous. We know nothing about him. But that's why we're going to meet him tomorrow, here. I know it's sudden, but can you come with me?"

Will was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I understand and of course I will, but let's not tell Joyce anything. She's had so much stress and grief in recent years and she's been so happy lately, I don't want to risk that."

"Yeah, we also shouldn't tell Jonathan either." I agreed.

"May I ask what exactly you guys aren't going to tell me?" A voice rang out behind us.

We swirled around so fast we were left dizzy for a couple of seconds.

Jonathan laughed, "You guys look like a deer caught in the headlights with your shocked expressions. Will, pick up your jaw. What's going on?"

And so we ended up telling Jonathan what had happened and he decided he was going to come and join the interrogation as well (without our invitation), but at least he agreed not to tell Joyce. With that, all we could do was wait and count down the hours until we had a proper introduction to my brother, a welcome friend, or a very possible foe. Only 10 days until winter break and we get to go visit Mike and the rest.

Author's Note: Sorry for such a belated update. I've had a lot of work and family issues and... sorry you didn't come to hear me complain, you came to have fun and enjoy. I'll try to update again before the week ends with a longer more quality chapter. I will also be editing the old chapters because I believe they can be better and you guys deserve the best and so that is what I will try to provide. Also beware for some major background info coming soon. I'm about to drop a lot of info on Avil in the next couple of chapters and I hope to upload at least 5 more times during December.

7. The Promise

It was cold. It was so cold. Trash was littered around a tiny boy with rats were scurrying about him. The filth slowly crept closer as he huddled into a tiny ball in a corner of that dark dark alleyway. People of all kinds passed by, laughing, drinking, dancing, it was a happy time. But no one noticed the little boy in rugged ragtag clothes, covered from head to toe in injuries. Cut up and bruised, he lay in the cold night for days and days on end as the hard gray walls around him seemed to close in and as snowflakes fell upon him, bursting into water as it touched his tiny frail body. His shuddering breaths came shallower and feebler as time went on. Steam poured out of his mouth and each breath left him like little wisps of himself, slowly but surely leaving him until those little clouds of vapor stopped coming at all.

It hurt so much. The pain seeped through his body and caused his soul to ache. It ravaged his mind and destroyed his brain. As if casually ripping out crucial parts and tossing them to the side. Leaving the rest to bleed out on the side, helpless to stitch itself back together. It lay waste to his nerves as the torture passed through. It was like constantly being set on fire while having every bone in his body break and every muscle fall out of place over and over again.

The cold pierced his bones and ran through his veins like ice. But it was so comforting, he just wanted to fall into its embrace and sleep for an eternity. He wanted to let go and let the snow fall over him until he disappeared... forever… But he couldn't.

*Every time he closed his eyes he saw **him**. **He** ruined his life. It was all **his** fault. And **he** needed to pay. And so the boy stood up. And when he stood up his eyes gleamed with fury, he didn't feel the cold for the raging firestorm within burned like a thousand suns. And he trudged out that alleyway and he got out. He was grimy and impure, but he got out. He was limping and exhausted, but he got out. Ignoring everyone's stares he threw his head up towards the sky and let out a cry of anguish, a screech of agony and pain with an underlying tinge of ferocity and brokeness. There were no words. But when people heard they stopped, they stared, and were cowed by his rage and cried due to the raw sorrow in his voice.*

'*Brennan, I swear I'll be the one to kill you.'*

A promise made by a fragmented child many years before. A promise heard by no one but would be remembered by everyone. A promise that forged the boy with the boiling of his blood and the heat of his wrath. A promise that shaped everything he was to become. The beginning of a new story that completely altered the path of many.

"EL!" Joyce pounded on the door. "We're going to be late for school! Hurry up and get ready. Eggos are on the counter and your lunch is with your backpack."

"Be out in a minute." She murmured, still groggy.

Yawning, she rubbed her eyes with her hand and stretched. But when she drew her hand back she saw that her hand was wet with… tears? Why was she crying?

"Huh, that's weird." She muttered.

"EL!" Joyce pounded again.

'Well, can't be that important' She thought.

"Coming!" She yelled.

Only 9 hours until the interrogation began.

Author's Note: This is part one of a chapter but I decided to cut it in half due to the interrogation being a completely different thing. I'll upload another chapter hopefully tmrw or the day after. I hope to upload at least 3 chapters by the end of the week. Please just wait another day or two for part 2.

8. The Interrogation

Far far away in a cold place somewhere in Russia was a tiny damp room. It was dark, with shelves lining the walls full of supplies and only one entrance, a ladder on the far end going up. It seemed to be a stronghold of some sort, a bunker or safehouse people would use to hide from or run away from something. But there was only one person in the room. Well, that's not completely accurate. There was only one ***live*** person in the room. A boy of about fifteen or maybe fourteen stood in the very center of the room, simply looking up at the low ceiling and breathing deeply. He had dark brown hair and hazel brown eyes and short curly hair, with a height around 5'8 - 5'11. It was difficult to tell as he was slightly slouched. All around him were bodies. Full-grown men and women, not a single one of them was left in one piece. They were mangled and disfigured, as if a great beast had come through and mauled them on its way. Blood dripped down the walls and coated the shelves, body parts or all sorts were littered about. But was it the boy who killed them? Or was it… something else… a creature of some sort? All of a sudden the boy snapped his eyes open and straightened up. He took a phone out of his pocket and called a number. After it rang a couple of times the person on the other end picked up.

"Avil! God DAMN IT! You son of a BITCH! You said you would tell me when you found her!" The mysterious boy yelled.

"Oh yeah! I forgot about that. So you did your thing?" Avil chuckled.

"Yes. I did." Replied the boy curtly.

"Oh come on John, don't be like that, you called me first remember?"

"Why are you always like this..." He sighed, "Alright... I'll be right there…"

"Awesome! I'm actually in the middle of a conversation with her believe or not."

"Avil you promised that..." He rubbed his temples and stopped abruptly, "Why do I even try anymore..."

And with that, the boy disappeared and reappeared over an entire ocean, all the way to a sleep town named Galesburg. He teleported. But it was weird, that boy. His tattoo was in a strange spot. It was a little bit more to the left, nearer to the center of the wrist, and while all the others had a blocky zero before their number. His number, was number one, and only a number one, was it a coincidence? Or not…

2 hours earlier.

El's POV

After school Will and I got on the bus with Avil and went home immediately. Jonathon was supposed to be home and ready for us while Joyce was out but unfortunately… because of the snow she had the day off. And so when we reached the house we were greeted by a cheery lady bustling around, busy with Christmas decorations.

"Will! Good. I just started, get Jonathan and let's unpack all the Christm- Oh? Who's that?" It was then that she had noticed Avil.

"Hello Ma'am!" Avil beamed, "I'm good friends with Will and El and I just came over the visit, of course as it is your house I apologize for not telling you beforehand. I promise I won't stay long."

"Oh it's no trouble, stay as long as you want." Joyce then went on to nudge Will and wink (it should be noted that it was an extremely exaggerated wink).

"Mom! Avil's a dude!" He hissed.

Joyce stopped, then turned to Avil, who didn't seem to notice. She squinted at him as if trying to spot any male features. Seeming to have given up she left the room humming to continue the decor.

It was nice to see her so happy, especially after… he… no. I shook my head furiously, heat rose to my eyes and water pooled at the edges but I refused to let them fall. I would **not** think about him. Not now. Now is **not** the time for grieving.

We moved to Will's room and locked the door behind us. Jonathan was already there leaning against the wall. He looked up as we

entered. Will's room was average size, he had a small closet, next to the entrance, it was big enough to hand a variety of clothes and store things on the floor. There was a window on the opposite wall of the door that overviewed the woods at the back. There was a small desk in front of the window with the edges covered in books and action figures. To the right, there was a bed with plain blue sheets. Above the foot of the bed was a small shelf held up by two chains on either end, on the ledge was multiple books about science and space. The entire room was painted beige but the walls were covered in drawings made by Will. Including the Mind Flayer. On the left was an empty space with some boxes of still unpacked things in the corner. As we walked in Jonathan studied Avil and mouthed to us 'Thought it was a dude'. Will mouthed back 'He is', Jonathon then did exactly what Joyce did and examined him again, this time more closely. Avil… well, Avil was staring at the picture of the Mind Flayer intensely. When he pursed his lips Jonathan sighed and shook his head.

After we had ourselves situated (the three of us sitting on the bed and Avil sitting on the boxes) we stared at him expectantly, unsure as to what to do. Avil cocked his head to the side and said, "Well? Any questions?"

A flurry of questions entered my head so fast I couldn't pick one. Jonathan, seeing my troubled expression, put his hand on my shoulder comfortingly and asked the first question.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Avil. Just Avil. And I am a subject of Brenner's experiment one of the successes. I am number four." His gaze grew cloudy and he spat Brenner's name with such vehemence that Will flinched.

Finally, I picked a question. "How come you don't have a number?"

"I do," he stuck out his arm, pulled up his sleeve, and pulled off a thin skin-colored film revealing a blocky 04 inked into his skin. I stuck out my arm and placed it next to his.

Relief flooded my body, a tension I didn't know existed melted away

as I whispered, "Brother." It really was him.

He smiled softly, "Yea, that's me".

There was silence for a couple of seconds, then Will spoke up. "Why are you here, why are you doing this?"

"Well. I simply wanted to see my sister."

"How much do you know about me?" I asked.

"I know you escaped Brenner. I also know that you must've opened a gate and fought whatever was in there. With whom I don't know, with what you fought with I don't know, I do know what your powers are."

"A gate? Are you implying that there are multiple gates?" Jonathan asked.

"Well, yes, there have been more than one, opened by multiple of us. Although none are open anymore."

"Multiple of us?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. As you know you are 11. Then obviously there were others. 6 of us survived the experiments. Number 2, Number 4, Number 5, Number 8, and you. 11, as well as another," At this, he stuttered, "Ummm. A special case per se."

"What? Where are they? What happened!" I raised my voice. There were others! Oh my god! Where were they all this time? When could I meet them?

"What do you mean 'special case'?" Will asked cautiously.

"Slow down and let me finish." He paused, "Number 2 is dead. He was killed by the creatures in a gate he created on accident. I closed the gate and hunted down all the things that came out of it. And 5… he is also dead. He was… unable to hurt humans, and so he was beaten to death, like a dog in the street. By a group of drugged-up teenagers. I crucified them and flayed them as they were dying. I clawed out their eyes and ripped out their fingers and cut off their feet and made

them eat it. Then I left them in the desert to die. I made sure they lived through all of it." His voice grew darker and darker.

"You met 8, so you already know, as for everyone else, well. They died due to experimentation or died escaping. Some killed themselves because they couldn't take it. Your abilities are like 1's. So powerful, so powerful they killed her. Her body couldn't take it. She…" He trailed off and lowered his head.

None of us knew what to do. Do we go on? All of a sudden chills went through me and made my spine go rigid. Anger, pain, and resentment oozed out of him as if it was seeping out of his very pores. Murderous intent surrounded us and enveloped us. It was so thick it became hard to breathe, we all gasped for breath. My heart started to pump frantically as if trying to escape my chest, trying to run from whatever was coming. Adrenaline flooded my body and a deep primal fear permeated through us. A cold sweat dotted my brow. Gravity seemed to increase tenfold and we were pressed to the ground in an undignified heap. It was then that I saw his eyes. Pure pitch black was swirling into his eyes from the center, it polluted the bright silver his eyes usually were. The darkness spread until nearly his entire pupils were covered in it.

Then he seemed to wake up. The blackness retreated somewhere back into his eyes so quickly I wondered whether I had imagined it.

"Sorry," He muttered.

What were his powers? I needed to know, but before I asked he got a phone call.

"Avil, God DAMN IT." screamed a voice out of the cell.

Avil POV

The three of them in front of me had baffled expressions plastered on their faces, they were still huddled on the ground.

I laughed and hung up.

"Sorry about that, that was the 'special case' I brought up earlier. He can tell you why later, El, I think you'd be very interested to hear his

story. He's actually overseas right now. He'll be here soon."

"Literally nothing in that sentence made sense," El said, recovering.

At that moment the doorbell rang and when Joyce opened it I heard his voice ring out.

"Hello Madam, I am another one of El's friends and I believe they are waiting for me. Can I go in?"

"What the f***!" Will yelled.

Author's Note: I'm not going to make any excuses but I'm sorry for the belated update. I'll try to update another soon. It's weird, it's like I have it all mapped out in my head but I want to get to the exciting parts fast but it's just hard to actually get there, yknow? Anyways bye, have an awesome day y'all!